

Bring
Your Job Work
to
This Office.

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

Watch The Date
AFTER YOUR NAME
—AND—
Renew promptly

VOL. XIV.—NO. 40.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1892.

\$2.00 A YEAR.



PLAIN ENOUGH!
PRICES LOWER THAN EVER,
AND GOODS ABOVE
COMPETITION.

That's the way it reads when you take into consideration the position of the words, and that is part of it. Take OUR position into consideration, too—our reputation for fairness—and it means something when we offer bargains.

Great Sale of Ladies Silk Mitts FRIDAY, MAY 20.

The Story.

WE bought the entire lot of seconds of the largest Silk Mitt and lace works in the United States, some are slightly, some badly damaged, all are the purest and finest of silk; will offer Friday as follows:

Worth 25c, 35 and 50c, 50 and 75c
Price 10c, 15c, 19c.

Ladies' Outing Suits.

Ready made, tastefully embroidered, worth \$3.00, - \$1.75
Same, better quality, worth \$4.00, - \$2.29.

Fine Victoria Lawn.

Exquisite quality,
Actual value 35c. yard
19c.

Saccarappa Fine Gingham.

worth 12c a yard,
Friday 10c a yard for 75c.

BASSETT & CO.

ART POTTERY.

NEW DESIGNS.

Beautiful Decorations.

Cuspadors from

13 to 50c each.

Novel money banks

15c each.

Jardiniers, latest fad,

35 to 50c each.

Novelties

of all

Descrip-

tions

in Same

Ware.

POSITIVELY THE

NICEST PRESENT

YOU COULD BUY

FOR LITTLE MON-

KEY.

Bryan & Tandy.

It Should be in Every House.
J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Report Barber of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free Trial Bottles at—R. C. Hardwick's Drug Store. Large bottles, 50c. and \$1.00.

The Manufacturers' Record cautions the Southern towns about the removing of old Northern factories South.

A Horrible Railroad Accident.

Is a daily chronicle in our papers also the death of some dear friend, who has died with Consumption, whereas, if he or she had taken Otto's Cure for Throat and Lung diseases in time, life would have been rendered happier and perhaps saved. Heed the warning! If you have a cough or any affection of the Throat and Lungs call at R. C. Hardwick's and get a trial bottle free. Large size 50c.

A tobacco factory will be started at Alexandria, Tenn.

The Population of

Hopkinsville is about 7,000, and we would say at least one half are troubled with some affection on the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise our readers not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist, and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Trial size free Large Bottle 50c and \$1. Sold by druggists.

An iron foundry and machine shop will be constructed at Humboldt, Tenn.

Leavell & Wood, the druggists, desire us to publish the following testimony as they handle the remedy and believe it to be reliable. "I bought a 50 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and applied it to my limbs, which have been afflicted with rheumatism at intervals for one year. At the time I bought the pain balm I was unable to walk. I can truthfully say that Pain Balm has completely cured me. R. H. Farr, Hollywood, Kan." Mr. A. B. Cox, the leading druggist at Hollywood, vouches for the truth of the above statement.

Utah.

The land of sunshine and flowers—rich also in mineral and agricultural resources—is best reached by the Rio Grande Western Railway. See that your excursion tickets read both ways via that road which offers choice of three distinct routes and the most magnificent railroad scenery in the world. Send 25c to J. H. Bennett, Salt Lake City, for copy of illustrated book, "Utah, a Peep into the mountain Walled Treasury of the Gods."

Buckley's Arnica Salve.
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. B. Garner.

When is a joke not a joke? When it's a chestnut.

PITH AND POINT.

—It is not good form to point. This may account for the pointless society joke.—Puck.

—Jason says the reason that woman talks so much is because she suffers in silence.—Elmira Gazette.

—The man who invariably whistles does very little thinking. But he keeps other people thinking, just the same.

—Repenting of a sin is a good deal like pulling a heavy sled up hill after you have had a good time sliding down.—Athenian Globe.

—A Good Reason.—"Wife, "John, you slept with your clothes on last night." Husband:—"I know it. I didn't want to tie that necktie over again."—Cloyder and Furbisher.

—"Do you know," said Gus de Jay, "I've lost my hat?" "Are you quite sure," responded Miss Pepperton, "that it is your hat and not your head?"—Washington Star.

—The best way to make a dry good clerk of your boy is to give him a choice of seasonal elm sticks to split, with a splintered ax-helve, on the first warm day in spring.—American Farmer.

—He—Why doesn't Miss Nabbits come on deck and be wooed by the breeze too? She—Her mother wouldn't let her. She heard the captain say this was a trade wind.—Punch.

—Father Invidious.—Cholly—"Think I'll change me bootmaker." Chappie—"How?" "How! The bootmaker asked me if I would rather have my shoes well shaped or did I prefer a fit."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Reason in the Evening.—"I never thought you were the sort of a man to get married." "No; but you see I go about a good deal, and I found it necessary to have some one to leave cards for me."—Fun.

—Quoting a Proverb.—"Isn't it a little late to be darning stockings?" asked Glim, as he went home at 11:30 and found his wife at the work. "O, it is never too late to mend," replied the industrious woman.—Detroit Free Press.

—The Dear Girls.—"Would you believe that I have no fewer than five young men on my hands at the present time?" Blanche (glancing at Sue's hands).—"Yes, dear, I can readily believe it. There is ample room for them."—Detroit Free Press.

—"My daughter is becoming quite an expert at the piano. Have you a piece of music you would recommend?" "Certainly. Here is the 'Maiden's Prayer' for piano."—Boston Post.

—A Pious Gymnast.—"Seeker—"I observe that Prof. Stag has been lecturing on 'How to Become a Christian Athlete.' I wonder what that means?" Sageman—"That's an easy one. A Christian athlete is one who is continually jumping from one religious faith to another."—Boston Courier.

—Next Reading Matter.—Advertiser (angrily).—"If you think I am going to pay you for this advertisement you are very much mistaken." Advertiser Agent—"But why? What's the matter with it?" Advertiser—"You promised to put it in next to the reading matter, and you have got it alongside a column of poetry."—Banner of Gold.

—Baxter—"I've got to have my photograph taken. Where shall I go?" Thaxter—"By all means go to Facey's. He'll give you a splendid picture." Baxter—"Think so? It's for my mother, who hasn't seen me for a long time, and I want a perfect likeness." Thaxter—"Oh, I thought you wanted a real work of art. It is only a likeness you want, go to any cheap picture-taker."—Boston Transcript.

RATHER MIXED.

He Loved One of the Girls, But Which One?

"I have come to you, sir, on a delicate mission," said the young man, as he sat down on the edge of a chair and looked uncomfortable, as young men sometimes will.

The old gentleman laid down his pen and looked curious.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Well, sir, you have two beautiful daughters," explained the young man.

"I have two daughters, admitted the old gentleman.

"I presume you have noticed that I have been frequently at your house," suggested the young man, diffidently.

"I have noticed it."

"Thank you, sir, I have been paying attentions to—in fact, sir, frankly, I—I have been making love to one of your daughters."

"I presume so. And you would like to—"

The old gentleman hesitated and the young man eagerly went on:

"Yes, sir; that's it exactly. I proposed to one of them last night, and I—"

"Which one?" interrupted the old gentleman. "Both are splendid girls, and I should hate to lose either, but—which one is it?"

"Don't you know?" asked the young man, again.

"Certainly not. I've seen you with both."

"The young man sighed and reached for his hat.

"I thought you might," said he. "I've been very attentive, and I was sometimes in doubt myself, seeing they're twins, but I got along all right until I proposed. And now—now—hang it, sir, if you don't know which one accepted me I don't, and I've got to beg all over again."—Chicago Tribune.

THE SINGING IN GOD'S-ACRE.

Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's- Acre lies,

Go angels walking to and fro, singing their jubilate;

Their radiant wings are folded and their eyes are tended low,

As they sing among the beds wherein the dowers delight to grow:

"Sleep, oh, sleep! The Shepherd guideth His sheep! Fast asleep the night away, Soon cometh the glorious day! Sleep, weary ones, while ye may— Sleep, oh, sleep!"

The flowers within God's-Acre see that fair and tender sight

And hear the angels singing to the sleepers through the night;

And, by the hush of the hours of day those gentle flowers prolong

The music of the angels in that tender slumber-song:

"Sleep, oh, sleep! The Shepherd loveth His sheep! He guardeth His flock the best! He loveth them to the living breast— So, sleep ye now and take your rest— Sleep, oh, sleep!"

From angel and from flower the years have learned that soothing song.

And with its heavenly music speed the days and nights along:

So, through all time, those light the Shepherd's vigils glorify.

God's-Acre slumbereth in the peace of that sweet lullaby.

"Sleep, oh, sleep! The Shepherd loveth His sheep! Fast asleep the night away, Soon cometh the glorious day! Sleep, weary ones, while ye may— Sleep, oh, sleep!"

—Eugene Field, in Ladies Home Journal.

A QUEER PROPOSAL.

How a Cow Figured in One Love Affair.

Observations on the subject of "Popping the Question"—No Man Seems Exactly to Remember How It Was Accomplished.

"How did you get engaged to your wife?"

The question was put by a writer for the Star to one of the substantial family men of Washington—one of those excellent men who has a blooming wife, free blooming children, and a business that keeps on blooming more brilliantly year after year.

By year after year, he is a peer and so he is when he is compared with the plutocrats of the city, but he is solidly, substantially rich all the same.

When he dies, if his wife survives him, she will have an income amply sufficient for the proper education of the five blooming children, and when she dies they will all have incomes—not vast estates which will make it impossible for them to do anything on earth but live a life of pleasure, the dream of the millionaires, the dream of the plutocrats.

"Atty." But it is not of money that this article would treat, but of the various methods of getting engaged; and so the question was asked of this substantial family man.

"How did you get engaged to your wife?"

"By means of a cow," he answered, promptly.

"What? I must have misunderstood you," said the writer, "did not ask you how you got milk for your family, but how you got engaged to the lady who is now your wife."

"By means of a cow," he answered again.

He was prevailed upon to explain and told a very singular, unique and touching story of love, solemn promises, happiness and a cow. Here is the tale reduced to moderate length. The gentleman, who, for convenience, be termed Mr. X, and the lady Miss Y.

Mr. X, when he was twenty-four years of age, went to stay with his uncle at his country place on the eastern shore of Maryland. Having said that he had relations who lived on the eastern shore, it has been said that he was of most aristocratic lineage, for everybody knows that the families of that portion of the earth's surface are all of the very best and noblest.

He was not more noted for families than the famous eastern shore. In fact, if a geography were called upon to truthfully say what is the principal product of the eastern shore it would be obliged to say "old families." Young X found at his uncle's house a young Virginia girl, Miss Y. X. had nothing in the world to do, nor had Miss Y, so they killed time by falling in love with each other. It is not a bad amusement in the country. You can read poetry together, sit on porches together, take walks in the dusk together. The man is pretty sure of no rivals, the girl is in no danger of having the man enticed away from her. X and Miss Y. had a glorious time for two weeks and one of their favorite amusements every evening was to stroll down to the pasture and watch the milking of the cows.

There was one cow in particular of which the youth and the maid grew very fond. She was a young Jersey—Alderney was the term used then—the color of a fawn, with a glossy, beautiful coat and eyes as gentle and soft in their expression as Miss Y's own. As she would stand in the cool of the evening lastly whistling the fife with her tail she would permit the young couple to approach her and stroke her or scratch her forehead. There is nothing particularly romantic in the act of scratching a gentle cow between the horns, but it happened that one day as X stretched out his hand to perform this pleasing act of friendship to the heifer his hand met Miss Y's, and the cow, moving back as if impressed with the conviction that she was spilling fun, left them hand in hand in the corner of the pasture. After that they never missed a day in the pasture and they always carried the Jersey cow, until one day X's uncle, joining them, said jokingly:

"You young people seem so fond of that cow that I shall have to give her to one of you."

"To which of us?" said X.

"Ah!" said the uncle, "you must settle that between you."

When the old gentleman went off, X looked at Miss Y, and said, simply:

"Can my uncle give the cow to both of us?"

And she quietly answered: "Yes."

And so this substantial citizen became engaged, as he truly said, through the agency of a cow.

There are thousands of ways of popping the question, and upon careful inquiry it has been ascertained that the method which is usually employed upon the stage and in novels is the most uncommon. Let the reader who is over-tween-ey and comical, a moment how he made the various proposals of his life. Did he sink down on one knee and clasping the young girl by the hand frantically shriek out: "Be mine! Be mine!" Did he then start in and tell her of his long years of adoration; how he never could love anyone else; how the sun of his being rose and set in her; how she was his heaven, and if she said so he must inevitably take an instantaneous flight for the other place? Did he, when she made murmurs of dissent indignantly cast her hand away from him as though it was a tennis-ball, and demand the name of his rival? Did he seize her around the waist, and pour forth a royal octave volume of impassioned rhetoric? This is the way they do in novels and plays, but in real life people of experience say it is different. It is hard to tell whether the girl or the man is the more frightened. Both know it is coming. He doesn't know what he says. He had made up a speech beforehand, but of course he forgot it; but it makes no difference. She has to make up a speech, or else, if she is not much of a talker, she has to say "yes."

Perhaps it is better that the books and plays should be artificial in this matter. There is hardly a printed account which contains a true confession of what a man said and what a woman replied when he proposed and she accepted him. There are, however, a few of the love letters of great men in print. Now, either these letters were written with the supposition that they might at some day be printed, in which case they are of no value except as pieces of literary composition, or else, being intended for the eyes of one person alone, they ought not to be given to the public. Who ever read Bulwer's love letters without a feeling of disgust? He runs riot on paper, loses his senses entirely, signs himself "Your Idolatrous Poppo," and commits a thousand absurdities. But why should a man not be absurd when he is writing to the one woman he loves? To write love letters with the fear before you of their being subsequently published would be like proposing with a stenographer to take down your speech. And to print real love letters written honestly is like listening and overhearing a proposal. You cannot help but think it is exciting and interesting, but if you did as you ought to do you would not listen, or having overheard through accident you would not go away and tell everybody about it—that is, you would not if you were a good man and cared anything about doing to others what you would have them do to you.

Did you ever know a man who told all he said when he proposed to the girl whom he subsequently married? A rejected man may "give the thing away," apparently, but he does not tell it all, you may depend upon it, and an accepted man may tell you what he let up to it, as in the case of the gentleman who became engaged through the agency of a cow, but an absolutely correct report of all the nonsense spoken on occasions of this kind would be something that no man could bring himself to repeat, and if it were repeated, it would be very disagreeable to listen to. The whole thing would appear painfully ludicrous, but it is not ludicrous to the parties in interest. It is serious, always, painful frequently, and sometimes, as everybody knows, very tragic.

All these remarks apply especially to the love-making of young people. When an old stager proposes he may be calm and collected. It is the valor of experience that speaks, and if he is rejected he may take it quietly enough, for in all probability he has proposed several times before. There are some old bachelors who are chronic proposers. There are some old girls who may be depended upon not only to make love to any woman who will give them a chance to do so, but who will be sure to propose, too. These men mean it, but they don't mean it very long, and women understand them and will have none of them. It is the fair sex that is the stronger in matters of this kind. The unhappy marriages are numerous enough, but if women were as weak as men there would be a much larger number of silly matches.

Now, strange as it may seem, there is no doubt that the most successful proposer is the man who does it clumsily. When a man speaks well and calmly and gives a woman good reasons for marrying him—argues the matter just as though he were pleading a cause in court—the woman doesn't believe he is in earnest. It is not a case that is governed by reasonable argument, and appeals to the brain are not what she cares about. The appeal must be made to the heart. He stands a good chance of success as soon as he convinces her that his heart is thoroughly in earnest.

—Washington Star.

A Strange Expression That Is Not Entirely

According to a missionary in the East Indies, the native of Hindustan recognizes as one of the differences between a dog and a man, the superior breathing capacity of the latter; for example: "A dog walks out," "A dog walks out," and "A man walks out," but in Hindustani the expression is: "A dog walks out," and "A man goes forth eating air." The expression is said to be three thousand or more years old, and so its origin must be lost in obscurity, nevertheless it is significant as expressing the importance of air in the maintenance of human life. In a certain sense, air is food; it is indeed the most necessary of all substances required by the body. A man can live a month, or even two months, without solid food, and a week, or perhaps eight days, without drinking, but the vital processes are suspended within a few minutes when the supply of air is cut off.—Good Health.

If Straws show which way the wind blows, you had better hold your whiskers when you visit our Straw Hat Department on next Tuesday, for it's going to be breezy.

May 16—Tuesday next

WE WILL OFFER

5 dozen young Men's brown straw yachts at 39c worth 50c.
5 dozen full shape white Mackinaw straws at 49c, worth 75c.
10 dozen Child's Sailors, white straw at 16c, worth 25c.
50 dozen Hickory, widest brim hats at 5c, worth 15c.
12 dozen Child's straw Hats at 15c, worth 35c.
Immense line of finer grades ent to correspond with above.

SHOE DEPARTMENT.

100 pairs Men's grain buckle Plow Shoes, sizes 6 to 11, at 83c, worth \$1.50.
50 pairs Men's Kip Plow Shoes, manufacturer's samples all 9's at 89c, worth \$1.50.

J. H. Anderson & Co.

SHORT QUESTIONS.

SHORT ANSWERS.

What? Foot-wear.
When? Now.
What price? Name it.
Who? Thomas Rodman.
Where? 103 Main St.
City? Hopkinsville.

AN OPBORTUNITY.

DON'T MISS IT.

FOR ONE DAY ONLY.

NEXT FRIDAY,

MAY 20th, I WILL SELL

"John B. Stetson's" Hats, full and small shape soft Hats, regular price \$5.00, at 3 75.

Remember this is only for one day, and only one Hat to each purchaser.

Sam Frankel's

CASH
STORE

Opposite Yates' Jewelry palace Beards corner.

No. 15 MAIN STREET.